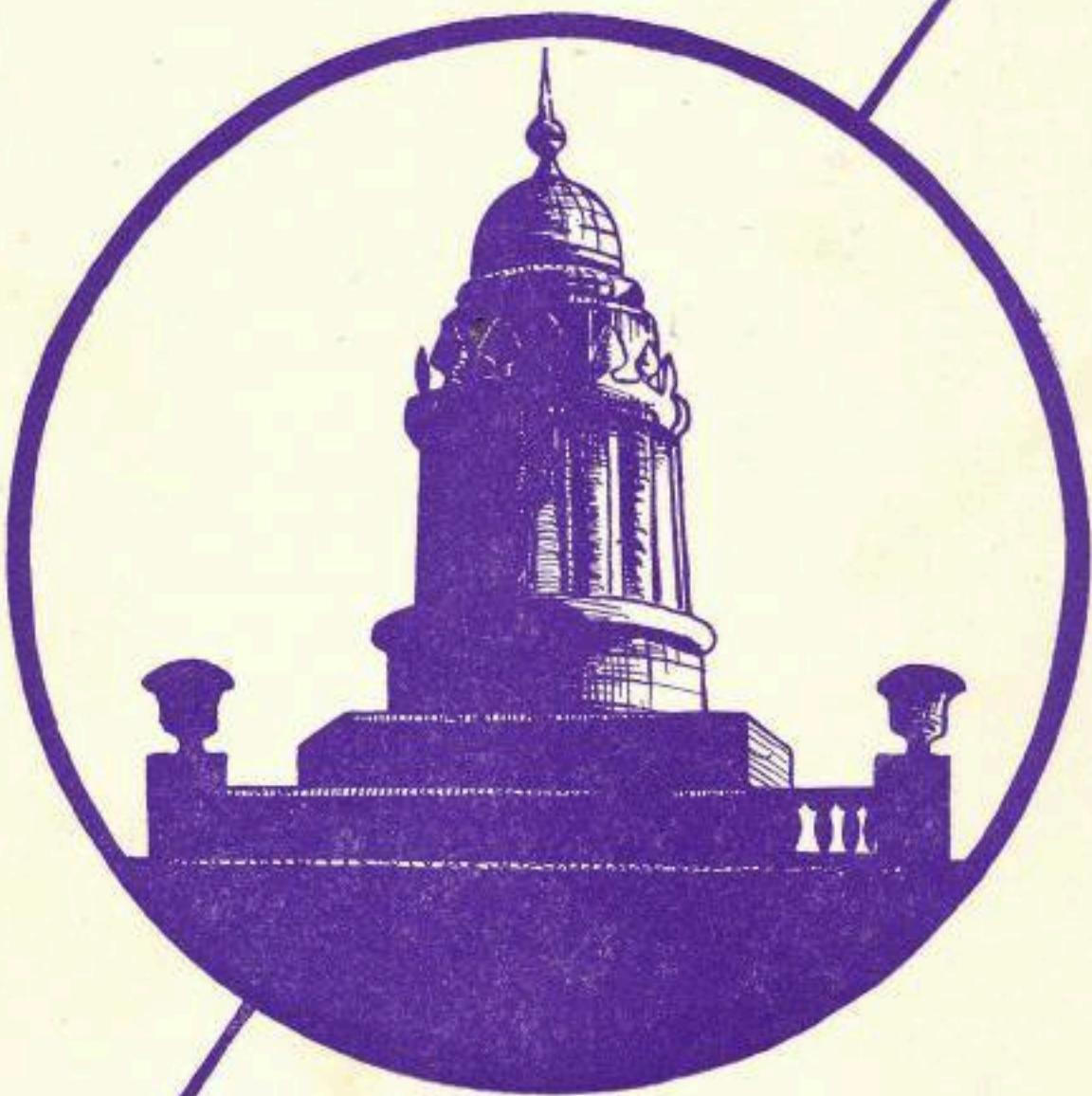


THE STUDENT'S PEN

JUNE 1957



PITTSFIELD
HIGH SCHOOL

The Student's Pen

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JUNIOR PROM

The theme of the Junior Prom, which was held May 24, was "Plantation Ball." Alan Grieve's Orchestra played from the patio of a southern plantation, which had the traditional white pillars. At the other end of the gym was the garden party, where a spurting fountain gave the effect of a real outdoor garden. Garden furniture, trees, and ivy completed the plantation scene. The after-prom party, sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, was held at Eastover in Lenox.

A poster contest for the Prom was held, first prize being two tickets for Eastover, and second prize, two tickets to the Prom. Joyce Crawford was first prize winner, with Richard Ormsbee taking second. Judy Leahey placed third.

MUSIC NOTES

The Pittsfield High School Band members would like to say "thank you" to all who helped make the trip to the Cherry Blossom Festival in Washington, D. C. a success.

On May 1, the band furnished music for the Presentation Ceremonies of the Freedom Shrine to Pittsfield High School. Then, on May 8, the orchestra provided music for Business-Education Day. Cathy Nadon, soprano, sang several selections.

Other band engagements include the Memorial Day Parade on May 30, Class Day Exercises, the Physical Education Letter Awards Assembly, and the Graduation Exercises on June 16.

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Dorothy Fedoryshyn, Jane Massimiano, and Bobby Kahn were chosen tri-chairmen of the decorating committee for the Senior Prom. The theme was "Teahouse of the August Moon." Co-chairmen of Class Day were Marilyn Dastoli and Bob Morris. Their theme was School Days, Then and Now.

RETAIL SALES NEWS

On May 1, the retail sales class took a trip to G. Fox and Co., a department store in Hartford, Conn. The class traveled by bus and arrived in Hartford at about 11 A. M. Miss Connie Trent, director of youth activities at G. Fox, took them on a tour of the store. They saw what went on behind the scenes, as well as many different departments of the store. The class had lunch in G. Fox's restaurant and then toured the selling floors by themselves. They arrived home at about 5:30 P. M., after an adventurous day.

David Pulcaro, a student training at W. T. Grant Co., was this year's winner of the fifty dollar defense bond awarded by Sears Roebuck and Co. The presentation of the bond by Mr. Willard Hitchcock, manager of Sears, was made at the annual recruitment assembly for juniors on April 16.

During the past month the retail sales pupils have heard several interesting speakers. Miss Kathleen Downey, home lighting director at the Western Massachusetts Electric Company, gave an instructive talk to the group on lighting and display, and lighting in the home. Mr. J. Dickert Donovan, executive secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, spoke to the group on the work of the Chamber of Commerce.

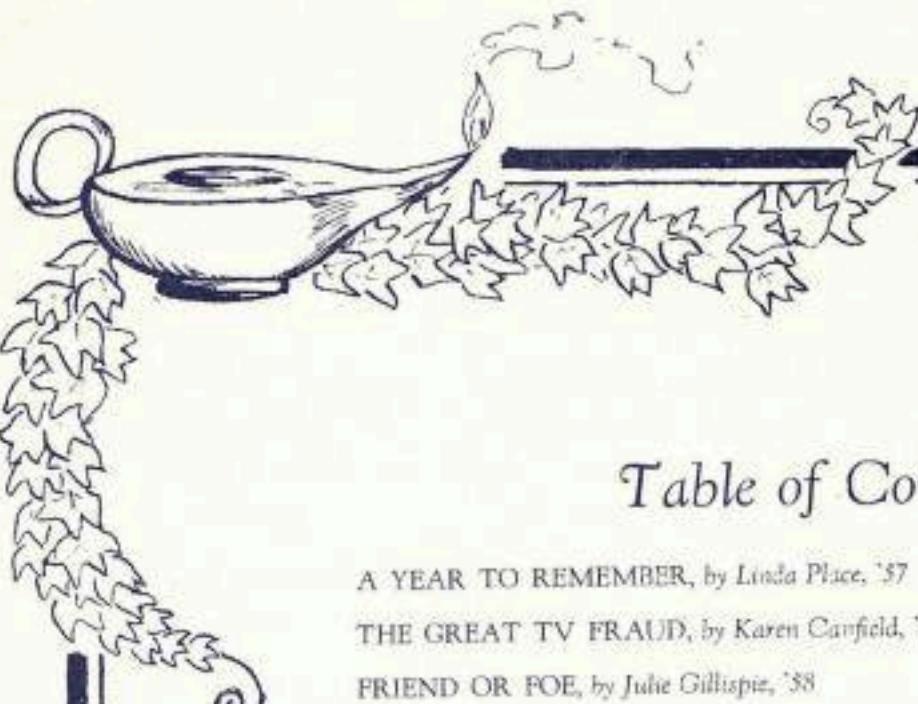


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EDITORIALS

A Year to Remember *The Great TV Fraud*

By Linda Place, '57

STUDENTS at P.H.S. may look back with pride on the school year of 1956-1957, for many accomplishments make this a year to remember. But there are a few outstanding events that are worth reviewing. At Christmas, the Senior Class undertook to present a medieval mystery play, which proved to be a very excellent and unusual production.

We received our biggest thrill when our basketball team fought its way to the top, winning the city, league, and county championships, and playing in the semi-finals of the Western Mass. Tournament. THE STUDENT'S PEN brought honor to the school by receiving a first place rating from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association for the nineteenth year in succession. This spring our Marching Band raised \$4200.00 in order to participate in the Cherry Blossom Festival at Washington, D. C. The only representative of Massachusetts, the band proved itself an honor to P.H.S. A Freedom Shrine was presented to the school by the Exchange Club of Pittsfield. Placed in the library, it will be a constant reminder of our great American heritage.

Yes, it has been a wonderful year, and one full of accomplishments. We, the members of the graduating class, will always remember it as the best ever!

By Karen Canfield, '59

THE view that TV is becoming a fraud may be greeted with roars of angry disapproval, but this view should be voiced. The standards of the world are giving us a false set of values—yes, giving us a code that will let us down when we need it most. This is the era of "fixed" heroes like Elvis Presley and Charles Van Doren—Fixed, because their backers, who have a great deal of money tied up in them, employ slick schemes to push them into our living rooms. We are not denouncing the puppets who are set up as idols. No! But the tycoons that exploit them and blow them up into great national figures are exploiting us also! We are the "suckers at home" who swallow any "line" that we are given, such as the quiz shows.

It is not widely known that the chitchat between emcee and contestant is carefully rehearsed, for if it were known, the shows would lose many of their viewers. Also, the questions are tailor-made for the particular contestant; for instance, if a player knew a great deal about polo, he would be given a question on that subject that would seem extremely difficult to the audience, but would actually be a "breeze." Most of that snorting-into-the-microphone business is just an act to keep you in suspense. Now, Hank Bloomgarden is being built up into another Van Doren—that is, if he still is on. We've gone back to "I Love Lucy."

Friend or Foe?

By Julie Gillispie, '58

THE newspapers were full of it! Everywhere woods were closed to the public. The reason: fire! One spark, plus a tinder dry wood, equals a battle of life or death with a raging forest fire. The month of May taught us that lesson.

Unfortunately this danger is not temporary but continues into the summer. Are we going to jeopardize lives, property, and wild life by carelessness? It is very easy to extinguish campfires completely and to be careful with cigarette ashes. We can, we must keep man's friend from becoming his foe.

THE GOLDEN GATE

By Marcia Allen, '57

We pause as we pass
To a life yet unknown.
Our fitness we view
'Fore we set out alone.
Our garden of learning
Has formal yet been.
Parents and teachers have
Guidance let in.
And as we look back
O'er this splendidous sight
We realize this knowledge
The future will light.
For duty and function
Will us await
When we enter life's role
Through our golden gate.

ODE TO A SOPHOMORE

By Karen Canfield, '59

A sophomore is a cocky thing.
He fancies himself quite the king.
Why, learning books is quite passe;
He thinks that there's a better way!

Scholarship Winners

By JoAnn McMahon, '57

This year Pittsfield High School has been very fortunate in having a number of its students place well in nationwide competitive scholarship examinations. These students, as well as all of the other scholarship winners in our graduating class, have done honor to themselves, their teachers and their school. The awards reflect long hours of hard work, as well as the excellent teaching and guidance by our P.H.S. faculty. These seniors should be an incentive to all of us to work more diligently, for only through hard work and study can we hope to parallel their accomplishments.

To all of the scholarship award winners in the class of 1957, THE STUDENT'S PEN extends its best wishes and congratulations.

TWILIGHT MAGIC

By Karen Canfield, '59

A spring twilight—O'er the grass
A pair of dancing bare feet pass.
The sky, in shades of deeper blue,
Gives color to the fallen dew.
A young moon slips o'er the rise
To light a fire in lovers' eyes;
And slowly moving on, it sees
A dryad hiding in the trees.

SOPHIA THE SOPHOMORE

By Diana Bulgarelli, '59



I am Sophia the Sophomore

ESSAYS

Summer Boredom

By JoAnn McMahon, '58

AS the leisure summer evenings come upon us, many teen-agers mope around complaining of boredom. Apparently these young people don't realize how fortunate they are in living in an area that attracts thousands of tourists each year to enjoy varied cultural activities.

In Berkshire County there seems to be entertainment to suit practically any taste. For the music-lover, there is, of course, the world renowned Tanglewood Music Festival, which is of special interest this summer when reduced rates are offered to Berkshire residents. For this reason, the young adults in the area should grasp the chance to attend at least one of these concerts and experience the thrill of seeing and hearing a full symphony orchestra. I know that many people who say they have no liking for "longhair" music would be of a different opinion if they should actually attend a concert, and I am sure that they would enjoy every minute of it. However, if your tastes don't run in a classical vein, about a mile away from Tanglewood is the fairly new Music Barn. A very rustic atmosphere pervades this setting where the "cats" and "bopsters" congregate. Here, people of all ages enjoy the big name swing bands, the artists of the modern jazz school, jazz singers and dancers, and even folk music.

Another great tourist attraction, which I have never had the good fortune to visit, but plan to this summer, is Jacob's Pillow, where the gods and goddesses of the dance perform to delight many a person. Speaking of tourist attractions, the newly founded Clark Art Institute, in Williamstown, is, to my thinking, definitely one of the greatest assets to the cultural resources of our county. Admission here is free, so there is no excuse for anyone's failing to visit and view this priceless art collection. Even if you don't appreciate art, this gorgeous, white-marble building is well worth the seeing.

It seems a shame to me, but many of my friends have never seen a summer stock performance and I believe these people are missing one of the most enjoyable types of entertainment. There is something so much more satisfying in seeing a live play than in viewing a movie, and there are three wonderful summer theaters in our vicinity which offer plays to suit diverse tastes.

Of course, these are only a few suggestions for summer entertainment, but it seems to me that no one who lives in Berkshire County should be complaining of boredom this summer when he is literally surrounded with opportunities for both culture and entertainment.

Buses, Cherry Blossoms, and Music

By Janet Allison, '57

AT last the long-awaited April 2 arrived and we, the P.H.S. Marching Band, along with Mr. Wayne and seven other chaperons, boarded three gigantic buses for Washington, D. C. and the 1957 Cherry Blossom Festival. After rearranging shiny tubas, various members of the drum family, and other "petit" instruments, we left the Berkshires at noon for our nation's capitol.

Traveling at a steady pace, we finally reached our Washington hotel, the Burlington, at 10:00 P. M. Unfortunately most of us were not very tired from the invigorating journey, so during the night one hundred-and-some-odd tongues continued their wagging. By three-thirty, however, the sandman had arrived and—boom!—we were all caught in a "quick-sandy" sleep.

"Breakfast will be served at eight o'clock sharp!" This is what came to our ears over the telephone at seven o'clock the next morning. When we all had eaten our share of the delicious breakfast that the hotel had so graciously prepared for us, we hopped on the buses and headed for the marching field situated across the street from the White House.

Here we played "Dedication" and "Anchors Away" for the judges of the festival. We next performed our marching drill before a cosmic and motley array of "Washingtonites," high school bands from all over the U.S., and judges.

After our performance, we were very lucky in meeting Mrs. Heselton, who took us on a tour through the White House. Fate was against us, however, because we did not encounter Ike or Mamie. They must have been out for a stroll!

When the tour ended, some of the band

members watched other bands perform their drills; others (the mountaineers of the group) set out to climb Washington Monument.

Not having lost any of the mountain climbers on the Monument's peak, the band in the afternoon saw Lincoln Memorial, toured the Capitol Building, had its picture taken with Sen. Saltonstall and Rep. Heselton, and went to Arlington National Cemetery to view the changing of the guard. This visit was followed by a return trip to the hotel, where we ate a hearty supper to reinforce ourselves for the evening's three-hour parade in which we were to participate.

The festival parade, containing luminous floats, high stepping majorettes, and just "millions" of bands, was exquisite. We were fortunate in being able to watch some of the parade after we had finished marching.

The next day dawned cloudy and rainy. Regretfully we packed our suitcases and proceeded down to the hotel's dining room to eat our last meal in Washington. Before leaving the city, we visited the F.B.I. and the Archives, and from the buses viewed Jefferson Memorial and the gorgeous cherry blossoms.

We traveled towards Annapolis Naval Academy. When we finally reached the Academy, one of the Annapolis students, acting as a guide, took us on an interesting tour of the chapel, the Crypt of John Paul Jones, and two museums containing various ship models and relics of naval history.

We returned to Pittsfield at 1:15 A. M., Friday, a little later than anticipated. Never shall any of us forget this most wonderful experience. I only hope that future P.H.S. band members will be able to go to Washington for the Cherry Blossom Festival.

The Thing and I

By Diane Rushbrook, '58

EVERY year fantastic reports about mysterious "things" in the vicinity of Pittsfield bring to mind my frightening experience with a similar "thing." It was during my twelfth summer, and I was vacationing with my two cousins, Sally and Randolph, at Caribou Lake, Michigan. This is in the upper peninsula and is very densely populated—with trees, that is.

On this particular warm and sunny day, we had decided against our daily swim, which consisted of bobbing and thrashing about in the water until we became as wrinkled as withered prunes. Instead we made plans for a day of fun on a picnic at Blueberry Hill. Linda, who was also vacationing, and Ronny, whose father was the proprietor of the camp, were to accompany us on our jaunt.

In order to reach our destination, we would be required to travel through a lengthy stretch of marshy woodland. Although I do not feel that I am a squeamish individual, neither do I claim to be one of the bravest people alive. Even under ordinary circumstances, I would not have relished the idea of a long trek through the gloomy woods, but in this case, a report of a "thing" prowling about in the near vicinity shrank my confidence to about the size of a dried-out pea.

With the significance of this report in mind, (if the rumor could be considered true) my aunt was quite reluctant to grant us permission, but she finally relented under our indignant barrage of exclamations over the absurdity of such a "thing." Although we had convinced my aunt to a degree, somehow we had not quite convinced ourselves that it was only the figment of some poor, misguided soul's imagination. To bolster our morale, Ronny decided to take his B-B gun as a protection, and we even brought along

Joe, my cousins' enormous setter, as our trusty watchdog.

When we had completed our preparations, the danger-defying Sally and Ronny boldly led us along the marshy road toward the picnic site. I doubt whether any of us would have admitted it, but certainly we were all secretly quivering in our sneakers. Spring peepers plopping in and out of puddles diverted our attention for awhile, and we played the fascinating game of trying to imprison an innocent victim within the confines of our grubby little hands without becoming any more water-logged than we were already. Leaving the poor peepers in confusion, we continued our journey through the unknown.

Suddenly a loud rustling in the nearby brush halted us in our spongey tracks. We stood frozen to the ground in fearful expectation and hardly dared to breathe. Bounding bravely into the thicket against our protests, our valiant watchdog flushed out three very befuddled pheasants. Our taut nerves relaxed, and as we laughed at ourselves in relief, we trudged deeper and deeper into the woods.

Again we were brought to an abrupt halt, this time by the frantic barking of our guard, who seldom if ever exercised his canine vocal chords. (Although we were terrified, at the same time it was a relief to know his bark was still intact.) We grasped each other's sweaty hands in terror, and our knees resembled miniature bowls full of jelly. We gazed at each other expectantly. Had he, our canine vocalist, treed the "thing"? What unknown danger lay in waiting? It must be the "thing"!

Although our sneakers felt like lead, we did make some headway. Sally and Ronny, the two daring and fearless leaders, proved to be the swiftest sprinters. Stumbling over

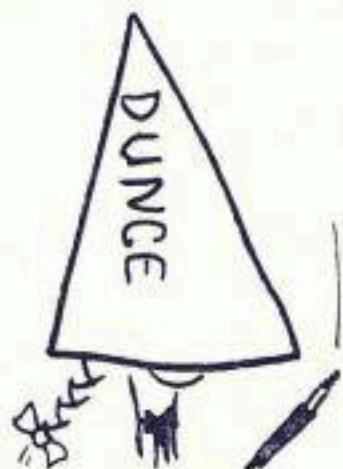
rocks, splashing through puddles, and plodding through the marsh, we raced along as if pursued by Satan himself. The trail seemed endless, but we finally burst into welcome civilization and sank to the ground in relief and sheer exhaustion.

That night, as we related our breathtaking adventure to my aunt and uncle, we were startled by their peals of laughter. Imagine our consternation and embarrassment when we learned that the report about the "thing" had been discounted and that our hardy protector had, in all probability, treed a savage squirrel, his favorite prey. Only now are we able to join my aunt and uncle in laughter, and usually various shades of red can be detected on our faces.

GUESS WHO?

This time our mystery boy is a sophomore. He is the home room representative of Room 147 and a member of the Student Council. Many of his friends know him as a Senior-Hi-Y member, while others know that he is a Shore Club lifeguard. Do you know who he is?

Our mystery girl is also a sophomore. She is a member of the Student Council and the home room representative of Room 149. This sophomore played on the varsity field hockey team, was co-captain of the basketball team, and is a member of Gamma Tri-Hi-Y. Do you know who she is?



I am young, but I'm a
better-than-average student.

Encounter on the Moors

By Karen Canfield, '59

WITH bated breath, I hastened across the fields that were veiled in the dim, eerie twilight. I felt as if thousands of unseen eyes were watching me pass through the dying weeds, the last tattered remnants of summer. Strange apprehensions began to rise up inside of me, quite unbidden, and I glanced furtively over my shoulder, peering this way and that. I had no power over my eyes; it was as if they were beings with their own will.

A damp mist closed in, blotting out the landscape so successfully that all familiar objects were obscured. Thoughts of weird creatures that I had read of long ago in horror magazines rushed back to me now. "Nonsense!" I told myself. "You surely are old enough to know that monsters don't exist!"

But I couldn't quite convince myself. The darkness fell like a blow from a mighty hammer, a murky, panting darkness in which lurked myriads of ghostly spirits. I was thoroughly terrified by this time, and was rushing along my way as fast as safety permitted.

Then the mists swirled apart, and I saw an iridescent, looming thing standing directly in my path!

With a shriek of pure terror, I took to my heels and dashed around it, all the while expecting to be grabbed by a clammy hand. Sheer luck made me run the right way to home, and I gained the safety of the house with a wildly beating heart. I never shall know what I saw on the moors—and I never want to.

SHORT STORIES

A House Divided

By Jon Shepardson, '57

ACOLD lonely moon caused the wind-blown smoke of the many fires to become glowing cadaverous figures dancing through the lonely night. The wind moaned as it moved over the structure of the ancient house, now a mere skeleton of what it had been. Crouched in the dark, a dark deeper than any ocean, a lone man waited, knowing that somewhere across that dead city were the soldiers of the Confederacy. Ivan Retnik waited alone.

Strange indeed seemed that long ago time, although it was only years at that, thought Ivan, when the generals and top brass at the Kremlin had talked of conquering the United States. Yet now here he was fighting for one half of the United States. No one had ever suspected that the issue of segregation would become the division of the world, but it had happened. Ivan could remember the day the Confederacy was formed. The South had depended upon the support of Russia, thought Ivan. They must have. Slavery had always seemed to be the policy of the Communists, segregation surely was their policy, and yet they joined forces with the North. What a blow it must have been!

In April, just before the schism between the states, the party bosses had called a big meeting. They must have figured that their aid to the North would more or less balance that great power the South had and the ensuing fight, or rather civil war, would weaken both sides so greatly that Russia could move unhindered. Of course that was it. Ivan made a decision and his first act after he did so put him in too far to back out.

To his left Ivan could see that other Russians had moved into position. He sighted quickly through the telescopic sight of his rifle and sent a burst of fire into the group of ten that killed all but three. Jumping swiftly to the roof and from there to the ground Ivan escaped the hail of bullets sent after him and began his journey southward. By dawn he had traveled many miles and was plodding across a large circle of grey powder, the remains of Macon, Georgia, which had been hit by an atomic bomb a few weeks before. A rain blown hard from the southeast was turning the area into a great mud puddle.

Intelligence had said that the Confederacy was miles back that way, and yet Ivan hadn't seen a soul anywhere. Suddenly he became aware of the fact that all the grey in the puddle wasn't caused by mud. There were thousands of men in grey uniforms, and every single one was watching him. He was taken prisoner. He found to his amazement that these "Southern Gentlemen" were truly that. No one cried "Spy!"; they could see he was wearing a uniform. He was not bullied or jeered or spit upon but merely led quietly to the commanding officer. Ivan could see a light of wisdom shining deep in this man's eyes so to this man he told his story and his ideas of Russian strategy. The commanding officer laughed.

Late in August a great body of men from the South moved northward and at the same time a great number from the North moved southward. Planes in great quantities darkened the skies. This was to be the decisive battle. The forces would meet some-

where in Virginia. The report reached Russia on September first that both sides had verily wiped each other out, so the Russians made their move. They moved over the pole and down across Canada, the fifty-second state, and left a force there. They then moved across the state of Montreal, and again deposited forces. In Quebec, the fifty-fifth state, they were welcomed as help to what was left of the Union Army, and immediately took over the state. The leaders stayed always with the leading group. They reached each place first and directed the operations of the "First Army of the People." "There can be no doubt," said General Wenlawski, "that what one of their former presidents said was true. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' We have taken 'Uncle Sam' without a struggle, comrades." They all drank to that.

On the third week in September the Russian Army and the leaders reached the place where the battle had taken place. The ground was strewn with bodies, but a young Russian officer stated, "It is odd there is no stench of decay here." As the Russians prepared to check this fact the bodies arose as one and poured forth a fire from their rifles so heavy that most of the Russian Army was lost before any of its members could find shelter. When the party bosses ordered reinforcements, the true feelings of the Russian peo-

ple toward conquest showed and no help was sent at all. For two weeks the largest, most powerful army ever to be assembled in one place eliminated Russians until there was no aggressive force at all but merely a handful of sorrowful, disorganized, hateful men.

General Ivan Retnik of the United States Army was very proud of the people of Russia and extremely happy because he didn't have to go to war against them. As he led his army division northward he was welcomed in every city and town and the thought came to his mind, that although the house of Russia did not stand in Communism as the Communist "carpenters" or builders had hoped, it now stood in freedom.

Shortly after the peace treaty was signed, Russia was sectioned up and each section was admitted as a state to Ivan's new country, the United States, standing, after division, stronger than ever with even the issue of segregation settled. The country was truly "E Pluribus, Unum;"—From many, one.

I WALK WITH THE WINDS

By Karen Canfield, '59

I walk with the winds;

They sing a song my soul has ever known,
Ageless and enduring.

First a whisper, sighing through the trees;
Then a murmur—a roar—a scream of fury;
Yet I alone can withstand them.

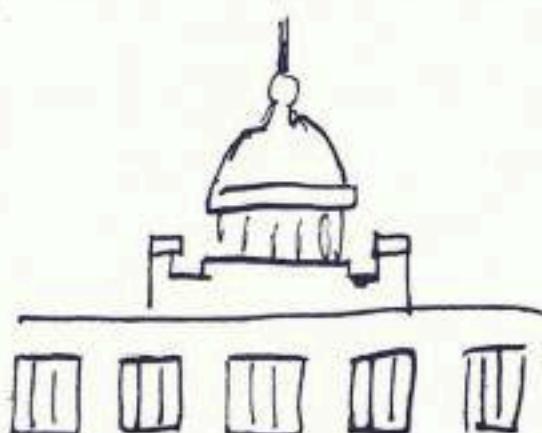
Winds are my kin;

They are of my blood,

Wrapping me with silken breath
And breathing Life into me!

I walk with the winds—I run, leap, soar,
Until I am the wind! and I look down
At a dancing girl

Who is only a shell.



This is my school

War in a Kite

By Jon Shepardson, '57

I HAD almost reached the S-4C scout when I tripped over a can of wheel-bearing grease and fell headlong into a pool of motor oil. On most days I'd have picked myself up and made the air crackle with some pretty strong words. Today, however, we had no early notice. The Germans were already in sight, so I flung myself from the ground and into the cockpit. I checked the magneto switch and yelled to my mechanic. He set the prop in the right position and called out "Contact." As I turned the magneto switch on, he ran a short way to the right of the plane, turned, and came running back. At the last moment he leaped and landed on the tip of the prop. His weight caused the prop to flip and the engine caught. With a loud popping the nine cylinder Le Rhone turned over and gained speed.

By the time my engine was running smoothly, a Fokker DVII was spraying the field with machine gun bullets. I opened the throttle, and after a run of 150 feet, headed upstairs.

The Tommy Scout I was flying wasn't made for fighting. The reason we took off during a raid was that we were harder to hit when in the air. Tommy seemed anxious that day, however, and I flew in toward the dog-fight area. There had been ten Germans, but two were down already. We had only five Spads flying, however, and the eight remaining Fokkers were making it hot for them. As a Spad pursued by two DVII's turned toward me, I gave Tommy full throttle and then drew my Colt .45 automatic. Tommy had no guns and at 85 miles per hour seemed to hover like a big kite as the fighting planes swooped by at 135. The German with the largest head became my target, for at that distance and speed a pistol is very inaccurate. Very soon after I fired, the German looked my way, then turned to make a pass at me. I fired desperately three

more times, but to no avail. All around me the air became streaked with incendiary bullets. Tommy shuddered in fear.

Throughout the War of 1918 the planes were made of wood and fabric and burned much too easily. I closed the throttle and went into a dive. The Fokker passed overhead. He had started to turn when his engine died. One of my bullets must have hit his gas tank. I had a kill to my credit.

When I returned, Major Liney wasted none of his flowery French words in telling me I was a fool to take such chances.

"You are here to observe the war and advise our command of moves and let them know the enemy's position and number. You are not here to play war!"

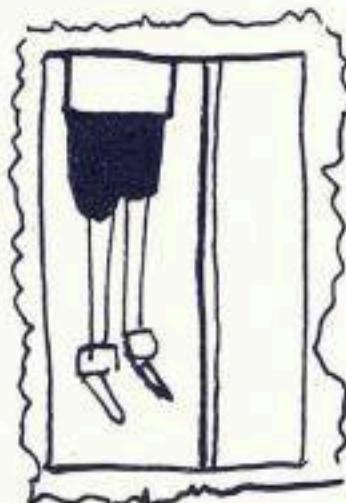
The next day we made a strike on a German airdrome somewhere on the border of France and Germany, near the Rhine. I had a grandstand seat.

Over the airdrome we met seventeen Germans. Our fighters numbered twelve. It looked like a good fight. A Fokker got on the major's tail, but old Liney shook him fast. When one of our boys, a fellow named Gavet, went down in flames, the German, who had shot him down, headed for me. Maybe he couldn't find a better target, but I wished he had gone another way. I chopped my power and headed groundward as the German's bullets made holes in both of Tommy's wings. Major Liney, finishing his business with a Fokker, turned, saw my plight, and came to my rescue. I breathed a sigh of relief as I saw a single burst of fire from the Major's plane send the German downward. When the Germans broke off shortly after that, we shot up some planes on the ground to be sure we'd never have to fight them. I say "we" shot up the planes, but the only shooting I did was with a camera. Then we headed home.

Somewhere, something broke. It snapped like a wire. Shortly after, there was a cracking noise. Then my wing changed shape. I cut my power and Tommy settled toward the ground. A few more snaps and I lost a strut. I was very close to the ground; so I looked for a smooth spot and landed. Fifty feet away was a stone wall. I jumped, and when I stopped rolling I lay flat. Tommy hit the wall, caught fire, which attracted many Germans.

My stay with the Germans was rather pleasant. I was released three days later, when the war ended. I was lucky, I hear, in not seeing too much of the life of a P.O.W. If I had gone down near the 'drome the Germans would probably have shot me. I always said, therefore, that although Liney helped it was really Tommy who saved me by staying together as long as he did. He also did me a good turn by burning, for I would probably have died of exposure if the Germans hadn't found me.

People laugh at me today and say "Flying your kite today, Glen?" but I don't mind. The little bi-plane I fly today looks just like old Tommy and I think it's good enough for my Sunday flying. As the old engine coughs and springs to life it seems to say, "I won't let you down," and I know it won't. Tommy didn't.



I take gym. Here is a snapshot of me climbing a rope.

A SEASONAL PICTURE

By Linda Gagnier, '58

Winter a sombre scene,
Trees shivering in the cold
Presenting a weird music
To all who listen.

Spring a gay child,
Running through the fields of green
Finding complete content
In little things.

Summer a soothing melody,
Sending its sweet strains
Throughout the world
To insure content.

Autumn a mystery
Of the odor of burning leaves
Providing a filmy picture
Of the life of man.

Forever a gathering of all seasons
Into one mysterious packet
That stays guarded
At the side of the Master.

NIGHT PERSONIFIED

By Karen Canfield, '59

The ink-blue night creeps softly along behind me,
Wrapping up the golds, yellows, and crimsons
of the sunset
Into a velvet package.
A night wind, sweeping the earth with the
cool folds of her gown,
Hides the cares of yesterday under the rug of
nighttime.
There's a moon on the moor,
Rising over that ancient oak.
Spirits of Druids are alive in the land
In the night.

The Coat

By Jim Willis, '59

"VASSILY Vassilivitch."

"Yes, Your Highness?"

"You have made my tea in the wrong manner. Far too much lemon! You stupid *mau-jick*,¹ take the tea yourself!" And with this Count Boris Pavlovitch Alexeyevich threw the cup of scalding hot tea right into the servant's face. Vassilivitch, his face badly scarred with burns and cuts, rushed from the room.

"And don't forget to come back in five minutes, Vassily Vassilivitch, to clean up this mess!"

Poor Count Boris. He was so stupid! Everyone, except the circle he moved in, hated him. If he could have, for a minute, glimpsed the heart of Vassily Vassilivitch he would have discovered such dark murderous hatred that he would have feared for his life.

Count Boris was a very vain man and especially proud of his clothes. Everything he wore came from abroad; the labels in his clothes read "Paris" or "Saville Row, London." So, when he drove into the village all the peasants knew that he was coming because, even at a distance, they had come to know the figure with the well-cut European clothes.

But there was to come a time when the peasants would avenge themselves. Little did they know then that that time would be soon.

One day Vash Mazzov, the local shopkeeper, philosopher, and announcer at important news, called all the people together in the village.

"Listen," he said. "I have important news from St. Petersburg. The Czar of all Russia has been overthrown and through a revolution has lost his power."

The crowd became noisy. Mazzov raised his hands for silence.

"Most important of all, the new govern-

ment encourages us to do away with such men as the Count!"

So it happened that when the news came, a few weeks later, that the Red forces were in the vicinity, the peasantry decided to kill Boris Pavlovitch.

During the past few months many of Count Boris's friends became frightened and fled the country. Boris Pavlovitch, too, had been arranging to leave as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, as long as he had to stay to settle his affairs, he tried to be a bit nicer to everyone whom he considered inferior.

On the morning of the arrival of the Red troops Boris Pavlovitch Alexeyevich was sitting at his writing table drinking Vodka to excess.

"Vassily!" he shouted. No Answer.

"Vassily Vassilivitch!"

The servant appeared, hiding something behind his back.

"Yes?"

"Please be a good man and bring me some more Vod . . ."

Vassilivitch, a strange smile on his face, fired six bullets into the head and body of Count Boris. When he had fired the last bullet and the Count had slumped over the table, mixing his blood with the upset Vodka, the servant was strangely calm. He must go into the village to tell his friends of his deed, and, Ah, yes, he could wear one of his master's fine overcoats. For not only would he cut a fine figure among the peasantry but the coat would keep him much warmer than his threadbare village clothes.

As the *mau-jicks* approached, in a spirit of mob fury and violence, they saw, in the distance, a well dressed man leave the estate and walk in their direction.

"See!" cried someone in the mob. "The expensive finely cut overcoat!"

"Well, well! Not leaving so soon, my dear Boris Pavlovitch. We wouldn't think of it!"

With this someone raised his rifle and fired five times at the approaching figure. The figure stopped as if amazed, when the first shot was fired. Then it started waving its arms frantically, as if trying to explain something. It collapsed in the snow.

When the mob came to the estate they found Vassily Vassilivitch, in his master's coat, dying and inside the house his master slumped dead over his desk.

"Ah!" said Mazzov, the shopkeeper, shaking his head and trying to act wise. "It is a strange life and Fate is ironic. Why if only this . . . Hey there, you thieving bunch, save one of those overcoats for me . . . !!"

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS

By June Ann Mason, '57

SCHOOL—homework

VACATION—fun

SATURDAY—sleeping late

RADIO—Pop Music

MOTHER'S VOICE—"dishes"

DAD'S VOICE—"Now, what did I do?"

BABY-SITTING—money

TEACHERS—no comment!

CHURCH—long sermon

HISTORY—dates

GRADUATION—Yippee!

ENGLISH—Hamlet

FAVORITE SUBJECT—B . . . S (college type)

Movies—luxurious living, Cadillacs, Tab

Hunter, Jimmy Dean, Audrey Hepburn, cinemascopic, fabulous color, and love scenes

CLOTHES—Bermuda shorts

SPORTS—Tennis

PARTIES—refreshments

SUMMER—romances

TEENAGERS—wild

MAGAZINES—Seventeen

GOING STEADY—Pooh!

FRIDAY—tests.

RECORDS—Pat Boone, Perry Como, Elvis

Presley

DISC JOCKEYS—Ernie Anderson

BEAUTY'S TAPESTRY

By Karen Canfield, '59

You ask what beauty

I can see—

A waterfall,

A towering tree,

Eyes enhanced with honesty,

Wind passing through

The rippling grass,

A place where sun

And shadows pass.

The sunset on

A summer night,

The hush when stars

Show radiant light.

The sea upon

A stormy day,

When clouds and waves

Are angry gray.

A patch of moss

Beneath a tree,

Some flowers, and

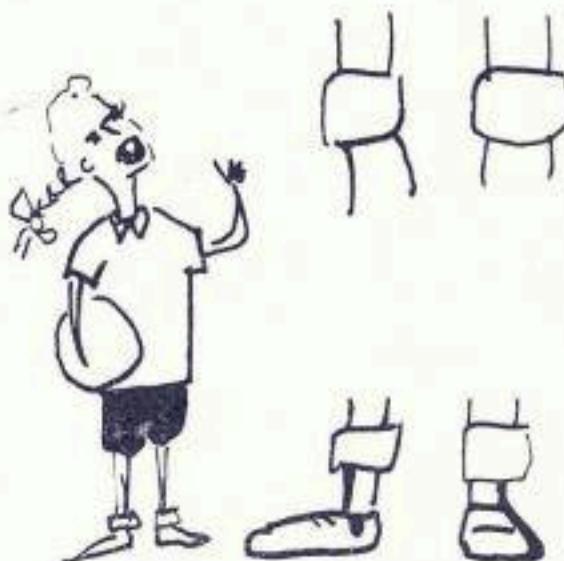
A passing bee.

A wind that wails

Brooks running near.

What! are you deaf,

You do not hear?



I sometimes coach our basketball team

WHO'S WHO



DOROTHY FEDORYSHYN

Here's active "Dot" Fedoryshyn, a C.P. senior. Dot is on the Senior Class Council, the Senior Prom decorating committee, and both the program and publicity committees of the Class Play. She is also a home room representative. After school Dot plays field hockey, volleyball, softball, and basketball.

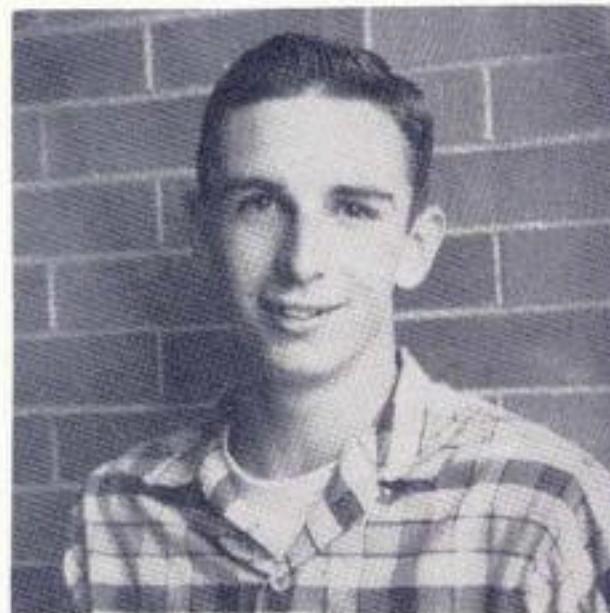
Being musically inclined, she plays both the flute and the piccolo in the P.H.S. band. In the orchestra, she fiddles the fiddle and with the Choraleers she sings. Since she is also skilful with the paintbrush, one of Dot's posters always graces the walls for every affair.

AL BELANGER

Al Belanger, a Tech senior also known as "Lefty," is co-captain of the P.H.S. baseball team. He has served on the Good Will committee, and is Boys' Sports Editor of the Yearbook. In his junior year he played basketball for P.H.S., as well as baseball.

BRUCE DELLERT

Meet Bruce Dellert, a C.P. senior who is best known as co-captain of the P.H.S. baseball team. His other activities include chairman of the Good Will Committee, sophomore and junior home room representative, and Senior Class Council.



RAYMOND TUGGEY

Meet C.P. senior "Ray" Tuggey. He's on the Class Day committee, the Senior Prom Decorating Committee, and was on the Christmas decorating committee. Ray is co-captain of the P.H.S. ski team and an outfielder on our fabulous baseball team.

Next year Ray is going to attend the University of Vermont and study engineering.

— Best of luck, Ray.

WHO'S WHO

ROBERT MORRIS

Robert Morris, otherwise known as Moe, is an active senior taking the college prep course. Besides being co-chairman of Class Day, he has served on the Cap and Gown committee, the ticket committee for the senior play, and the decorating committee for the junior and senior proms.

MARILYN DASTOLI

Meet Marilyn Dastoli, co-chairman of Class Day. A cadette officer, Mae is also a member of the Senior Class Council, co-chairman of lobby decorations for Christmas, and a member of the costume committee for the Christmas pageant.



ELAINE CANCELLA

Here is Elaine Cancilla, who is co-chairman of the senior banquet. Other activities are the Junior and Senior Class Council, the gym exhibition, the Christmas pageant, the Junior Prom decorating committee and junior home room representative. After-school hours are taken up with her dancing.

Elaine says of her senior year, "Great while it lasted." Her ambition is to be another Pavlova, and a definite step in that direction will be her studies next year at the School of American Ballet in New York City.

FRANCES MANGIARDI

Meet Frances Mangiardi, a popular senior taking the commercial course. Fran, a member of the cast of "Time Out for Ginger," is co-chairman of the Senior Prom, a member of the ticket committee for the play, the Christmas decorating committee and costume committee, the Christmas pageant, gym exhibition, and the Junior Prom decorating committee.

Next year Fran will enter Wilfred Academy to become a beautician. Good luck, Fran.





1st Row—Frank Murphy, Paul Venti
2nd Row—Mike Zaveruka, Robert Rohlfs

NAVY SCHOLARSHIPS AWARDED TO FOUR SENIORS

The Navy will be paying for the college education of four senior boys who have won Naval R.O.T.C. Scholarships. Paul Venti, Mike Zaveruka, Frank Murphy, and Robert Rohlfs were announced as winners, after they had taken the highly competitive examinations.

To be eligible for the scholarships, the boys had to pass a written exam, a physical exam, and an interview given by the Navy.

Paul Venti, who had high score, is well known as a fullback on the varsity football squad, a member of the varsity baseball team, and a member of the school orchestra, band, and dance band. He is Senior Class vice-president and was a delegate to Boys' State. He is planning to attend R.P.I.

Mike Zaveruka, who plans to attend Yale, has been on the committee for the yearbook, program committee for the Junior Prom, and has been home room representative for three years.

Frank Murphy's activities include sports editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN, dedications editor of the Yearbook, president of the United Students' Fund, home room representative, delegate to Boys' State, where he was Secretary of State, and Pittsfield High

delegate to Good Government Day in Boston. He was also a member of the Cap and Gown, Junior Prom, Good Will, Booster, and Christmas Pageant committees.

Robert Rohlfs, who has applied to Princeton, is a member of the gym team, technical editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN, and a member of the Senior Class Council.

Presentation of the Freedom Shrine

ON Wednesday, May 1, 1957, the Exchange Club of Pittsfield presented to our school a Freedom Shrine consisting of twenty-eight photographic copies of famous American documents. Among these documents are included the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Emancipation Proclamation.

To open the program, the P.H.S. band, directed by Mr. Wayne, played our National Anthem. This was followed by a procession consisting of a color guard, members representing the Exchange Club, invited guests, and school officials. Acting as master of ceremonies was Dr. Donald C. Exford, past president of Massachusetts State Exchange Clubs.

The salute to the flag preceded the invocation by Rabbi Aaron Krauss of the Knesseth Israel Synagogue. Mr. John Kelly led the student body in singing "God Bless America." Dr. Exford then introduced the guests to the assembly. Presentation of the shrine to Mr. Hennessy was made by Mr. Simeon H. Decelles, president of the Pittsfield Exchange Club. Following the presentation we all heard an interesting and inspiring address by Rev. Dr. Charles W. Kessler, chaplain, Massachusetts State Exchange Clubs. In conclusion, Rev. John J. Murphy, curate at St. Mary's Church, gave the benediction.

Having this shrine at Pittsfield High School should remind us, as American students, of the many things we have to be thankful for.

"IF"

Have you ever wondered what the state of affairs would be like if a few things were changed at P.H.S.?

What would happen if:

1. Miss Haylon gave up **THE STUDENT'S PEN**?
2. Miss Conlon didn't assign any home-work?
3. Mr. Hennessy taught biology again?
4. Miss Rhoades got rid of her cat?
5. Miss Guiltinan gave up the cheer-leaders?
6. Mr. Herrick didn't watch the boys' lockers?
7. Mr. Leahy didn't give tests?
8. Miss "Mac" gave up the Cadettes?
9. Mr. Nesbit stopped asking questions?
10. Mr. Davison's hands turned orange again?
11. The teachers mixed up our report card marks?
12. Miss Pfeiffer stopped asking for "volunteers"?
13. Miss Kaliher was fond of her fourth period class?

Occasionally I work out with the swimming team, as I am an ardent swimmer.



CLASSIFIED

LOST—one head around the chemistry lab.

FOUND—one mutilated Latin book.

WANTED—ten hands for writing English compositions.

FOR RENT—one seat in detention hall.

WILL BUY—one brain willing to do math homework.

FOR SALE—one seat in Home Room 240. Cheap.

WANTED—one copy of the final French test.

WILL BUY—one season ticket for cafeteria.

FOR SALE—one locker. Number 1957-S.

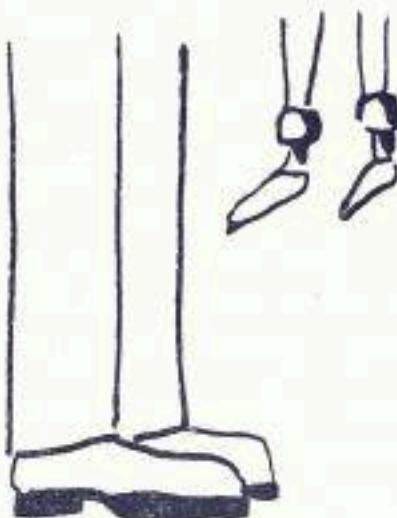
LOST—one report card. Please do not return.

* * * * *

FLASH !!!

The Pittsfield High baseball team became the Northern Berkshire League Champs by shutting out Drury, 3-0! Congratulations, boys! And our thanks to Coach Morris.

P.H.S. came in second in the Western Mass. Track Meet on June 1. We're all proud of Coach Carmody's boys!



I dance, too.

BOYS' SPORTS

TONY POLIDORO, DAVE FARRELL, DANNY SOLIN, BOB BUDNITZ

Thomas Curtin Medal

The Curtin award, awaited eagerly by seniors each year, has been granted for the year 1957 to Paul Venti. This medal which is given to an outstanding athlete means much more than recognition of prowess on a football field, basketball skill, or baseball excellence. The title, the Curtin Award, brings to mind Tommy Curtin, one who will be forever young in minds and hearts of P.H.S. graduates. His life was brief but full of the kind of achievements we all hope to attain. As a student he was outstanding, as a three-letter athlete he was superb, and as the gentleman every high school hopes to produce, Tommy Curtin's short but brilliant career remains a shining example to all P.H.S. graduates.

Our present winner, Paul Venti, embodies the fine qualities which characterized his predecessor. His scholastic ability is undoubtedly, and his athletic ability recognized. For his whole-hearted participation in class affairs, his never-failing loyalty, and his ever-present good humor, we salute him! A fine tradition is being worthily upheld.

BASEBALL

Pittsfield High, already having racked up one county title this year, is pointing for another. The baseball squad, after an early exhibition loss to Holyoke Catholic, jumped off to a three-game winning streak. Behind the excellent pitching of co-captain "Lefty" Belanger and Lou Pia, the team smashed Williamstown and Adams. Then, with Pia pitching superbly, P.H.S. squeaked by arch-rival St. Joseph's, 2-1. Catcher Paul Venti featured in this contest, scoring one run and driving in the winning tally in the bottom of the seventh inning.

William Pierson Award

Eric MacGregor is the 1957 winner of the William Pierson Medal for scholastic excellence and an outstanding record with the P.H.S. track team.

The medal honors William Pierson, who graduated from Pittsfield High in the class of 1940. He won the friendship and admiration of classmates and teachers alike. He was an outstanding student, and a star on the P.H.S. track team. During World War II, as a navigator, he was killed in action in Germany.

In his memory, a medal is given each year to a senior member of the track team who proves himself superior in this field. The recipient must also have a high scholastic average. The William Pierson medal is a coveted honor for which every member of the track team strives.

We at P.H.S. offer sincere congratulations to Eric MacGregor, who has continued in the fine tradition of William Pierson.

Although the squad was badly upset following the St. Joseph's game, we felt that it was a natural let-down and that they still possessed the "stuff" which would enable them to go all the way.

With fine veteran pitching, a good infield, and a capable outfield led by Ray Tuggey, the only question mark appeared to be the catching staff, but Venti's clutch play proved that position to be in good hands.

At this writing the team is tied for first place in the Northern Berkshire League and looks like a sure bet to regain the crown.

TRACK

The P.H.S. track team, ably coached by John T. Carmody, is looking forward to the completion of another successful season. One fact worthy of note is that the backbone of the team is composed of juniors and sophomores.

In the sprints, the mainstays are Captain Eric MacGregor and Steve Meacham. The 440 is ably run by Don Shorey and David Whiting. In the half-mile, Woody Woodard has picked up where Western Mass. champ Dave Doherty, now out of action with a broken leg, left off. Another very strong half-miler is Otis Conway. In the mile, Coach Carmody is looking to Lou Rock. Besides Doherty, two other promising men are out of action. They are quarter-miler Phil Balmer, and Dick Muldowney, the team's only proficient hurdler.

In the field events, we are notably strong in the pole vault, broad jump, discus, and shot. Matt Collins, Kim Pruyne, and Freeman Brackett give P.H.S. a formidable front wall of fine pole vaulters. Bob Budnitz is a mainstay in the broad jump, backed up by Meacham and Shorey. Mike Vallone and Larry Buffi are joined with up-and-coming Pete John in the discus. The shot boasts Nick Morris Jr., Buffi, and Vallone.

The high jumpers are Dick Merrill, Bob Perry, Budnitz, and Vallone. The most proficient performers in the javelin are Joe Garcia and Joe Simonetta.

All in all, the track team shapes up very well. Although the boys are not expected to win the Western Mass. championship, they will give a creditable account of themselves. P.H.S. and Coach Carmody have good reason to be proud of them.

ANSWERS TO GUESS WHO?

Robert Boland, Margo Shandoff

P.H.S. GOLF TEAM

The P.H.S. Golf Team, under the coaching this year of Mr. A. S. Fox, has been practicing for the past two weeks in preparation for their opening match with Dalton High School Tuesday May 14, at the Pontoosuc Lake Golf Club.

Mr. Charles "Chick" Moxon, Pro-Owner of the lake course for the second consecutive year, is permitting the local school team to practice and play their home matches on the course as his guests.

Team members are as follows:

John Cook, Thomas Budney, Edward Kinsella, Fred Cox, Donald Duda, John DiCicco and Richard Morwick.

The team will play matches up to June 4 and their rivals will include Dalton, Lee, Williamstown, and Drury.

St. Joseph's High has asked for admittance into the league. When they are accepted, two additional matches will be added to the schedule. By the looks of the members of the team, P.H.S. will have a team to be proud of this year.



I can't wait 'til they let me out of school. Next year I will be a Junior.

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Carol Ditello	Linda Noble
Linda Syrett	Stephen Salwitz

GIRLS' SPORTS

ANN SOLERA POLLY SKOGSBERG JUDY ROHLS SHIRLEY THOMAS CAROL VARANKA
DOROTHY FEDORYSHYN WALTERINA MALUDA JUDY JONES BRENDA WILDE SERENA HADDAD

Ruth Nicholson Blazer Award

Dorothy Fedoryshyn is this year's winner of the Ruth Nicholson Blazer Award, given annually to honor Miss Nicholson, who was Supervisor of Girls' Physical Education in the Pittsfield schools for many years.

Qualifications for the award are as follows:

1. Active participation in the Girls' Physical Education Department.
2. Loyalty to the school as well as to the department.
3. Thoughtfulness of others.
4. A spirit of enthusiasm and good sportsmanship.
5. A scholastic average of B or higher.
6. Upholding the finest standards of the school in ALL departments.
7. Complete cooperation with those who strive to preserve these standards.

An outstanding student of the Class of 1957, Dot participated in many extra-curricular activities. For three years she was a member of the Choraleers, the band, orchestra, and glee club. A contributor to the art staff of *THE STUDENT'S PEN* during her high school years, she was named Art Editor for the Dome, the senior yearbook. With all these activities, she had time to participate in all sports—as a sophomore in volleyball, basketball, and softball; as a junior, in volleyball, basketball, and softball; and as a senior, in field hockey, volleyball, basketball, softball, and badminton.

Congratulations, Dot, for becoming a member of the exclusive group of students who have been winners of the Ruth Nicholson Award.

SOFTBALL

With beautiful spring weather here, the great game of softball is in full gear. About 80 sophomores, 50 juniors, and 13 seniors have signed up for after-school play. After a varsity team for each class is chosen, the tournament will be played, with the winners receiving letters.

BADMINTON

Once again the season has come for swatting a birdie back and forth. In fact, there were four weeks of it, with 78 girls taking part in the tournament. When the birdies finally stopped whizzing around, Sharon Tufts and Lorraine Maslanka emerged as the victors. Runners-up were Pat Leahy and Nancy Richmany, two sophomores who did extremely well. Sharon and Lorraine will each receive a letter, while Pat and Nancy will each receive a set of numerals.

CADETTE

Who would like to be a Pittsfield High School Cadette? Well, 90 sophomore candidates have tried out—and there are only 20 openings to be filled!

At this time all of us on the Girls' Sports staff, especially the seniors, would like to extend our thanks and appreciation to Miss "Mac" and Miss Morgan for everything they have done for us.

J^o COLLINS

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Hi gals!

School is almost out and you're all probably doing just what I'm doing, looking for new summer outfits. Here's a gem that I found while browsing in England's Sportswear Shop, Second Floor.

This smart skirt by Bobbie Brooks in a Tyrolean print comes in sizes 9-15 in a blue, beige or brown combination with unpressed pleats which flatter every figure. Best of all this skirt, for only \$5.98, needs little or no ironing.

The perky white blouse pictured here is also by Bobbie Brooks at \$2.98. This boat neck is just what you'll want for those hot summer evenings.

Bye pals, till next year. Have a terrific summer and get up to England's often. You'll sure be glad you did!

Your pal and fellow shopper,
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